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THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra, laborat, qui omnibus, placere, studet.—"He labours vainly, who endeavors to please every one.

BY E. MANSFIELD. CHESTER TOWN, Md. $1 50 PER ANNUM, in advance.

VOL. 15 SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1854. NO. 11.

Notice to Creditors.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM COPPER

Maryland, Kent county, Orphans' court June 13, 1854.

On the application of Susan A Copper, Executrix of Wm. Copper, late of Kent county, deceased,

Ordered that she give notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same to be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks in some newspaper, printed in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid

I have hereunto set my hand and (Seal) the seal of my office affixed, this 13th day of June, 1854.

Test.

JACOB FISHER.

Register of Wills for Kent County.

In compliance with the above order this is to give notice that the subscriber, of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of William Copper, late of Kent County, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 11th day of January, 1855, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 13th day of June, 1854.

SUSAN A. COPPER,
Adm'r Wm. Copper, dec'd.

June 17, 1854—4w.

FARMER'S FOUNDRY!

THE subscribers respectfully announce to their friends and the public in general, that having taken the "FARMER'S FOUNDRY" in Chestertown, they now have on hand a large quantity of materials which they will manufacture to order in the best manner and at the shortest notice. They also keep constantly on hand a good supply of

PLOUGH CASTINGS,

which cannot be surpassed in neatness and durability by any manufactured in the State.

CARTS, WAGGONS, PLOUGHS, &c., &c,

made to order at the shortest notice and low rates. All kinds of

Machine Work

done in the neatest manner and at short notice, on accommodating terms for CASH.

Blacksmithing, &c.

will also be done in a workmanlike manner and of the best materials.

They would particularly call the attention of the Merchants and Farmers of Kent and the adjoining counties, to their castings—they will be sold as cheap as can be purchased elsewhere.

☞All descriptions of old IRON will be taken in exchange for work at the highest prices.

HENRY W. ERNEST,
MATHOS. BENJAMIN,
DAVID A. BENJAMIN.

Jan. 21, 1854.—tf.

FRENCH TRUSSES,

Weighing less than 2½ Ounces

FOR THE CURE OF HERNIA OR RUPTURE

ACKNOWLEDGED by the highest medical authorities of Philadelphia, comparably superior to any other in use. Sufferers will be gratified to learn that the occasion now offers to procure not only the *lightest and most easy* but *most durable* a Truss as any other in lieu of the *cumbrous and uncomfortable articles* usually sold. There is no difficulty in making the fitting, and when the pad is located it will retain its position without change.

Persons at a distance unable to call on the subscribers can have the Truss sent to any address, by remitting *Five Dollars* for the single Truss, or *Ten* for the double—with measure round the hips, and stating side affected. It will be exchanged to suit if not fitting, by returning it at once, unsoiled.

For sale only by the Importer,

CALEB H. NEEDLES,
Cor. Twelfth & Race Sts., Phila.

LADIES, requiring the benefit of *Mechanical Supports*, owing to derangement of the Internal Organs, including Falling of the Womb, Vocal, Pulmonary, Dispectic, Nervous and Spinal Diseases, are informed that a competent and experienced LADY will be in attendance at the Rooms, (*set apart for the exclusive use*) No. 114, TWELFTH street, first door below Race.

24541K.

ETHERIAL OIL,

JUST received and for sale at 70 cts. per gall. or 65 cts. per 5 gallons—price corrected weekly by the Baltimore Market. Terms Cash.

SIMON WICKES.

THE KENT NEWS

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

Devoted to Agriculture, Politics & Gen'l News

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY EDWARD MANSFIELD,

PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

$1,50 payable in advance—$2 at the expiration of the first six months, or $2,50 at the end of the year—5 copies for $6—10 copies for $10. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Terms of Advertising.

Advertisements not exceeding twelve lines will be inserted three times for $1, and 25 cents for each insertion thereafter. Larger ones in proportion. A liberal deduction will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisements must have the number of times marked, or they will be published till forbid, and charged accordingly.

All communications must be post-paid.

Poetry.

"ONE GLASS MORE."

SELECTED FOR THE 'KENT NEWS,' FROM COFFIN'S POEMS.

BY BERTHA.

Stay, mortal stay, nor heedless thus
Thy sure destruction seal;
Within that glass there lurks a curse,
That all who drink shall feel,
Disease and death, forever nigh,
Stand ready at the door,
And eager wait to hear the cry
Of give the "*One glass more*?"

Go view that prison's gloomy cells—
Their pallid tenants scan;
Gaze! gaze upon these earthly hells,
And ask whence they began;
Had these a tongue. Oh, man! thy cheek
The answer'd crimson o'er;
Had these a tongue, they'd to thee speak,
And cry the "*One glass more*"

Behold that wretched female form,
An out-cast from her home,
Bleached in affection's blighting storm,
And doomed in want to roam;
Behold her!—ask that prattler near
Why mother is so poor;
He'll whisper in thy startled ear—
'Twas Father's "*One glass more*."

Stay, mortal, stay, repent, return!
Reflect upon thy fate,
The poisonous draught indignant spurn,
Spurn, spurn, it are too late;
Oh, fly the ale-house's horrid din,
Nor linger at the door,
Lest thou perchance, should sip again
The treacherous "*One glass more*."

Original Story.

(*Written for the Kent News*)

THE LAST DAYS OF ALGEATHA.

BY MINNA.

(*Continued*)

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VILLAGE INN AGAIN.

"Pat, I should thank you to bring some more wood and raise a better fire here, for traveling seven miles in a snow storm such as this is not just the thing to make a man feel over comfortable."

"Yes, yer honor, for traveling in the snow and cowld wind it is that will put new life into the dead bones of a man. I remember I was traveling from this village (bad luck to the same) to the little town of Whuchonnosack, or some such a devil of an Injun name, and this, yer honor—though 'tis well enough it looks now, but there wasn't a name for the pain that was in it; arx, yer honor, ye may think it a lie, but its truth for all that I am telling ye;—well, as I was traveling along, hopping with both legs, the snow came pattering down in drops as big as my fist, yer honor, but to the town it was I had got, the pain was clean gone, yer honor, and has never come back from that blessed day to the present glory be the holy Saint Patrick."

"Well, I hope you may always find the same remedy effectual, but on my limbs, however, the operation is quite different, as the shivering and pain in every joint of my body at this moment testifies, and for this very obvious reason, a little more fuel added to that fire will not be in the least objectionable."

"By my sowl," answered Pat, "as a good supper I hope I may get, sorra a stick of wood is at the house, yer honor, barring the mild knotty log as has served as a chop log, it may be, afore the masther was born, yer honor."

"It grew in the olden time then I opine," replied the stranger, "but confound your tongue, while it is prating we are freezing; and if you don't be off and replenish this fire to a little, you will be apt to find your old limbs frozen."

Pat made his exit in the shortest time possible, and presently after an old negro man came hobbling into the room, with a few pieces of split wood upon his shoulder with which he soon succeeded in kindling the fire into a cheerful blaze.

"Would it plase yer honors to mount be ow to the supper as is after waiting for ye 2, gentlemen?" said Kathleen O'Grady, entering the room as old Sambo went out.

"Well as for myself," replied the traveller, "I would prefer the supper mounting up to me; what say you, Hal?"

"If you like we will sup in our apartment," answered the young man referred to, who all this time had remained silent, and sitting near the fire enveloped in a large black cloak, with a closely fitting beaver cap drawn low over the forehead. His complexion was dark and his face extremely pale; a profusion of coal black hair clustered thickly around his neck and temples, rendering still more striking the deathly paler of his cheek,—indeed so inanimate was his appearance that he might have been mistaken for a corpse, had it not been for two black and sparkling eyes that glittered like polished jet from beneath the sable covering of his head.

"Well Hal, I am glad you have found your tongue again, for I had began to dispair of ever hearing you speak more!"

"Why the truth of the matter is this, Ned, your volubility is so great that to be a hearer is as much as I can manage."

"A hearer indeed," answered Ned, "and a very inattentive one too, I should say forsooth; now I should not be afraid to wager my old cap here, that you have not heard half a-dozen words that I have spoken for the last fifteen minutes."

"I acknowledge I am somewhat absent," replied Hal "for the thoughts of this wild goose chase, together with the baseness of Del Cado, is not calculated to elevate my spirits to the top of yon church steeple."

"Better as it is, rejoinded Ned, "for should they unfortunately get perched so high in such a gale as this, I see nothing to prevent their being speedily borne on the wings of the wind and lodged mayhap in the Alpine regions, and then you might whistle some time to the tune of spiritless. But a truce to aerial spirit migrations; let us have supper, and discuss our plans for future proceedings over a cup of hot coffee. Go, girl, and bring up the supper."

"I have heard," said the young man designated as Hal, but whose real name was Henri Freeman, "that she certainly stopped at this house, and that herself and a young girl, a servant here, disappeared very mysteriously the night following that ever memorable one of storm, and have never been heard of since."

"Well, their disappearance, at least," answered Edward Selden, "could not have been a scheme of Algeatha's, for though he was apprised by the infamous Del Cado of the young lady's intention of taking refuge in this village in order to await the arrival of the ship, yet he was, as I have ascertained, too late to accomplish his object, for when he came here, thinking to cage the dove, she had flown, and no trace of her wings was left behind."

"Faith, and 'twas not with the like o' wings that the young lady made her escape, yer honor, for it was a coach as come in the night—'twas Bernard as said the same—and carried them out of the wold, it may be. But Oh, howly Moses! nothing more or less was it, I believe, but the ghost, (all the saints save us) of the drowned gentleman as came afther the young lady, (pace be to her ashes) and finding Linda with her, faith he thought he would take both at a grab, in case he lost one he'd hould fast to the other."

"A very good notion, too, of the ghost," replied Edward, laughing. "But do you know any thing of the lady of whom we were speaking?"

Kathleen hesitated to reply to this question.

"What was the name of the young lady, my good girl?" said Henri.

"What would yer honor be afther giving to know that same?" asked Kathleen.

"Why, if you can give me any information concerning the lady," replied Henri, "or introduce me to any one who can, I will give you this," taking from his pocket as he spoke a large gold coin, and placing it on the table before him.

"Oh, musha!" cried Kathleen, quite overcome at the sight of the gold—"Sure, and the lady's name was Miss Julia, and by the same token her eyes were blue as the violets, and her hair—a cushla!—now it wasn't black nor it wasn't brown, nor it wasn't gould, but sure it was all of them together, yer honor."

"And you say there came a carriage in the night and took her away. Can you tell in what direction the carriage went when it departed?"

"Sure, yer honor, 'twas not Kathleen O'Grady as seen the coach; but Bernard was the chap as heard the wheels rattle off in the dead hours of the night (holy mother protect us from the evil one) with a blaze of fire for all the world like a great fiery furnace from the top of the same."—

"Where and who is this Bernard? and can I see him?"

"Sure and 'tis here the lad lives, but 'twas to the Post Office the masther sent him this evening; but if it will plase your honor 'tis myself will be afther sending the boy to ye if yer worship will give me the goold for the service I do ye."

The young man then gave her the coin, and directed her to send Bernard to him immediately. Kathleen clutched the money with delight, and with many a "God bless yer honor," she courtsied herself out of the apartment. In a short time after Kathleen left, a fine, sprightly looking youth presented himself before the gentlemen, bowing respectfully, and said:

"I am Bernard at your service, gentlemen."

"We are glad to see you, friend," replied Henri, "and hope you will do us the particular favor to communicate to us here all the information you may have acquired respecting a certain young female traveller who put up at this house some months since; and who departed, as I have heard, somewhat mysteriously accompanied, it is supposed, by a servant girl belonging to the inn. I wish you to inform me, if you can, by what means and with whom she left?"

"Well, sir," answered the youth, "the means of her departure, and the companion of her flight, for a short distance at least, is a secret known to myself only, and might, if divulged, involve me in difficulties not very easy to get out of; although the young lady left double as much money as her bill amounted to, in the room where she lodged, yet the sin of suffering Linda to depart, and bridge the cause of Corvett's losing the reward offered for the apprehension of the young lady, would not readily be forgiven."

"You have nothing to fear, my good lad, from imparting this secret to me and my friend here; for if you were accessary to the escape of the lady, we will not betray you; or should it be necessary to do so in order to discover her place of seclusion, we will take care that you do not suffer. Come, tell us what you know, and your reward is sure."

"Sir, replied the youth, "I know very little that can be of service to you, but I asked no reward for what intelligence I can give you of the circumstance in question—but your promise not to implicate me in the transaction."

"We promise," said Henri "and, as we stated before, should it be necessary, will stand between you and all harm."

CHAPTER IX.

BERNARD'S STORY AND OTHER MATTERS.

"Your word, I will depend upon as gentlemen of honor," replied Bernard, "and will proceed to relate what little information I possess, for your benefit, or at least hoping you may find it such. The evening that the strange young lady arrived at this village, was at the period of the vernal equinox, and a tremendous storm of wind, accompanied with rain, thunder and lightning, was blowing from the south-east. A large merchant ship had been observed early in the afternoon at some distance on the water, struggling with the heavy billows; and about midnight this ship was dashed ashore on the beach, at the lower end of the village, and was split fore and aft; several of the crew were lost, also the remains of a young gentleman, said to be a passenger on board, drifted ashore and were conveyed in a wagon from the village; now Linda, the servant girl you have heard of, happened to pass by the wreck on her way home, and saw the lifeless body of the young man with the likeness of a lady likewise, which he wore round his neck; the features of this picture, it seems corresponded precisely with those of the stranger lady. Now this drowned young man turned out to be a brother or some one very dear to the lady, though she did not mention in what relation they stood to each other, yet it was plain to perceive that he must have been very dear, for her grief at his loss was inconsolable; and Linda like a pitying angel, as she is, (God bless the dear, beautiful girl, if I never see her again!) having discovered that a stranger had arrived in the village and was in pursuit of the young lady, prevailed on me (and I could deny the sweet girl nothing; though I had known that I should have suffered in consequence of obliging her I would have done it,) she, I say prevailed on me to purloin Corvett's carriage and horses for an hour or two, late at night, and drive the stranger lady and herself to the little town of G—, where they could take the stage and proceed to their final destination, wherever that might be."

"Do you not know whether they took the Eastern or the Western road," asked Henri.

"I had no time to wait for the stage to start, sir, as it was necessary for me to get back to the village before the inhabitants were up and stirring, in order to escape detection."

"Well, but my lad, did they not tell you which road they intended to go?—Now we are friends of the young lady, and wish to find her, that we may make her happy; for we are well assured that as things exist at present, she cannot be contented; and for her friend Linda and yourself, we will do all in our power."

"Oh sir! do not betray the lady into the hands of that dark, bad man; it would hurt poor Linda so, for she loved the young stranger dearly."

"Dear boy, it is to prevent her falling in the hands of Algeatha that we are so anxious to discover her retreat; we love her, I expect as well as you can the pretty Linda."

"Ah sir! were you to see the lovely Linda, with her pale, beautiful face, her long, black, silken ringlets, shading that partan brow, and her deep, dark, spiritual eyes, you would think her a vision not of the earth, earthy."

"By Jupiter!" cried Edward, "love is about transform the boy into a poet, if madam nature has not already made him one. But tell us, Bernard, does this angel Linda regard you with the same feelings that you entertain for her?"

"No sir," promptly responded the youth; "Fortune has no such good luck in store for me. Linda is too pure, too unselfish to trifle with the heart of even a poor boy like me, and is far above deceit; she conjured me to think of her in no other light than as a sister. But how can I? I know she is too good, too beautiful for me, but if I die I must love on."

"Is Linda as fair as the young lady she went away with?" asked Henri.

"Sir," answered the youth with enthusiasm, "that young lady is no more to compare with Linda in beauty, than the moon is to compare with the sun in brightness."

"Quite vivid, Hal, eh?" said Selden, "why I am half in love with this fair unseen already. But how old is this beautiful inamorato, Bernard?"

"I cannot answer your question correctly, sir," Bernard replied, "for I never heard her say, but I suppose her to be between fourteen and fifteen" he continued, fixing his eyes at the same time on the face of Selden with an earnest searching gaze.

"I have never seen her, I vow," said Edward in answer to that gaze.

"Better for your peace, sir, if you never do," replied the youth thoughtfully.

"Oh hush Ned!" cried Henri; "I want to know of you, Bernard, which route the ladies intended to take in their flight; tell me, and should I be so fortunate as to find them, I will do all I can for you with the pretty Linda."

"Thanks sir," replied the boy; "but if I had not sufficient influence with Linda to interest her in my favor, I have no desire to be placed under obligations to another for accomplishing with her that which I could not myself achieve. But if you will take the Western road probably you may find them, and this is as much as I can tell you, for of their places of refuge I am entirely ignorant."

The young man now offered him a purse, which he at first declined accepting but when pressed to do so, said he would receive it for the sake of his poor old mother.

"That boy is no fool," observed Henri as Bernard retired; "I forgot to ask his name, but he seems to be an honest, well disposed, young fellow."

"The lad talks well," responded Edward, "but he is over head and ears in love, and faith, I must acknowledge, that the fanciful sketch he has drawn has raised my curiosity to see the original. But what plan of operation do you suggest now?"

"Well, I think it will be best to start early in the morning for the town of G—, we can get there to breakfast, take the first stage there, and from thence proceed westward inquiring as we go; for those two girls could scarcely have travelled far with attracting observation. My worst fears are that Algeatha, assisted by the machinations of Del Cado, may antecede our movements and get the poor girl in his power. But let him beware, for if he lays his hand on her to harm her, he shall feel my deadly vengeance; for his miserable life shall pay the forfeit."

"Now for it! you are working yourself up in a passion, Hal, and a cool head and well balanced mind, are absolutely necessary for the safe conducting of the business you have on hand. But suppose you publish an advertisement in your own name—this might meet the eye of Julia and induce her to discover her retreat."

"Not so," replied Freemen; "such a measure, I know, would prove abortive; or should the advertisement come under notice, she would at once conceive it to be a scheme of Algeatha's, devised for the sole purpose of entrapping her, for she is so thoroughly convinced that I am no more, that I am somewhat doubtful if my appearing in proper persona before her would undeceive her."

Here the conversation was interrupted by an unusual bustle and stir in the public room below, as if caused by the arrival of visitors. Henri stepped to the window and peered out into the deserted street; all was dark beyond; it was a thick, cloudy night, and no light appeared, save that issuing from the windows of the inn and reflected upon the newly fallen snow; but this was sufficient to afford him the view of a carriage just leaving the door in the direction of the stable.

"There has been an arrival, Ned," said he, "and it sirkes me that it must be Algeatha. I will go below and endeavor to get a glance at the new comers without attracting their observation."

So saying he softly descended a flight of stairs leading to the public room, where securing the door on the inside he could by means of a smart crevice see all that was passing in the appartment. Two men were seated before the fire, muffled in their cloaks, which as yet they had not thrown aside.

"I tell you," said one in a voice which Henri instantly recognized as that of Algeatha, "I have heard that the youngster was not drowned, though he appeared to be so; but that he was restored to life; and is now scouring the country in quest of that confounded girl."

"Well if that chap was not done for," answered Del Cado, "I shall expect to see DeAlmonte arise from his long sleep and reproach us with selfishness, for giving him a dose which had cut him off for so long a time from the pleasure of being generous, that you might in the interval enjoy the pleasure of hoarding his great wealth. But now I tell you what, as the recent loss of my ship, has not done much toward increasing my finances, unless you fork over a little more liberally than you have hitherto been in the habit of doing, the girl may go and welcome for all the help you will get from me; and more than this, I will turn informer also; for if I am to sink into poverty, may I never lay eyes on a dollar again if you shan't sink with me; and should we both be favored with a hempen collar it would be no more than the price of our labor."

"Pho, pho," hissed Algeatha, while his eyes flashed with suppressed rage.—"Emanuel, you are ever running on some nonsense! But do you really think the youngster is dead? and if so where have they buried him?"

"How should I know?" answered Del Cado in a gruff, short accent; "his mother took charge of the body, and I gave myself no more trouble about it. But suppose he should turn up alive, what then?"

"He must not cross my path again," cried Algeatha throwing off his cloak and striding across the floor; "for if he does, his life, though it was a charmed one, should not escape the vengeance of my hand."

"Take heed how you talk of vengeance, Lorenez, lest it may be hovering over your own head. But why do you thirst for the blood of the youth?"

"Fool! madman!" exclaimed Algeatha, stopping short in front of Del Cado; "or a compound of both. Do you know if that fellow escapes and marries the girl, there is an end to my fortune and your income forever? No, no, he knows too much of me to live, and if he is not already dead, die he shall!"

"And do you think," said Del Cado, "that if the girl escapes your clutches, marries and brings suit for the property, (her mother being dead) that she can recover the whole estate of her late father?"

"Certainly," replied Algeatha; "such is the tenor of the will. The estate left by De Almonte to his wife was lent her during her life, and at her decease to devolve upon her lawfully begotten heirs forever. And thus, unless I can secure the minx and force her into a marriage with myself, I shall lose the whole estate; which is not to be thought of. But with your co-operation I cannot fail in finding her, and once I have the girl in my power she must be made of sterner stuff than ever composed a female frame if I do not compel her to figure as Mrs. DiAlgeatha; then the property being secure, your reward shall indeed be handsome."

"Something more than your bare word is required for that," answered Del Cado, before I proceed a step further in this business."

"Well you shall have it, you snivelling fool," muttered Algeatha, producing a bond for five thousand dollars legally drawn up, and presenting it to Del Cado. "And now what do you say? shall we proceed to G— in the morning and take the Western route in this pursuit?"

"By all means," was the reply. "I will stick to you for the tin, but deny that and you may quickly be—you know where."

Here Patrick entered and informed the guests that supper was waiting.—